

Foolish Mother, Lazy Son Use Girls' Money

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Among my acquaintances is a family which consists of a mother and her three daughters and one son. The girls are all in business, and every Saturday night turn in their unopened pay envelopes to their mother. That supports the family. There is no other income.

The son, a big, husky young fellow with plenty of intelligence, who is ten times as able to work as his sisters and who could earn twice or three times what either one of them does, works only when the spirit moves him. Which is seldom.

He doesn't have to work. He doesn't really need to because whether he works or not, he is sure of three good meals a day, better than his sisters get for mother saves up the tidbits for him: a good place to sleep, and a little pocket money for which he can always stand mother up.

The sisters are naturally very much outraged at this state of affairs, but when they protest against it, and tell their mother that they do not feel called upon to support a lazy loafer, even if he is their brother, the mother turns upon them in fury and demands to know what sort of stony hearts they have that they begrudge their poor little brother a bite and a place to lay his head. Then she weeps and says that she will never turn her own son out of her home and shut her door in his face; that as long as she has a crust she will divide with him, and give him her penny.

So the scene ends, and when the parasite son comes in, mother cooks him up something extra to make up for the way his mean sisters treat him in not being willing to support him. Then she gives him the last of the house-keeping money, and runs an account with the grocer which the girls have to pay in the end.

It is for a mother who has a son, to see that he is saved from being this contemptible weakling by raising him up to feel that he must take care of his sisters, not that they must support him.

As for a mother taking her daughters' money to give to a parasite son, it is a dishonest thing to do. The thin pay envelope of the working girl is a trust of honor that mothers should use wisely and well for the girls' individual behoof and benefit.

Copyright, 1929, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

ON MY way uptown.

I TOOK a bus.

AND WAS sitting inside.

AND LOOKING out.

AT THE human throng.

AND IT must have been.

THAT THE big bus stopped.

AND OTHERS got on.

BUT WHATEVER it did.

I PAID no head.

UNTIL I discovered.

THAT AT my side.

SAT A fat young girl.

AND THE bus was full.

AND I crowded over.

TO GIVE her room.

AND SHE dropped a package.

AND I picked it up.

AND HANDLED it to her.

AND RECEIVED her thanks.

AND SHE hadn't been told.

TO BEWARE of strange men.

FOR SHE talked to me.

ABOUT THE crowded busses.

AND THE crowded stores.

AND THE prices of things.

AS EVERYONE does.

AND WHILE she talked.

SHE PUT her left hand.

IN HER outside coat pocket.

THE FARTHEST from me.

AND WHATEVER she sought.

IT WASN't there.

AND THEN her right hand.

TOOK UP the search.

AND DUG its way.

TO WHERE her pocket.

AND MY coat pocket.

WERE KEEPING company.

ON THE narrow seat.

AGAINST MY side.

AND SAW it come forth.

WITH a handkerchief.

AND SHE looked at it.

AND SO did I.

AND IT was mine.

A NICE new one.

OF HALF a dozen.

THAT HAD come to me.

FOR A Christmas gift.

AND WAS quite brand new.

AND SHE was embarrassed.

AND SAID to me.

"IT MUST be my brother's."

AND PUT it away.

IN THE outside pocket.

THE FARTHEST from me.

AND AGAIN she dug down.

AND I felt her hand.

AND SHE brought it forth.

WITH A list I had made.

FROM THE want ad. page.

OF APARTMENTS to let.

AND THEN she said:

"WHEREVER DID I get this?"

AND SQUEEZED it all up.

AND THREW it.

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

MIRIAM.

The exquisite name of Miriam seems to be a predecessor of Mary. It too signifies "bitter" and comes from the Hebrew word *marah*, which has that translation. But Miriam, according to the Scriptures, antedates Mary.

Miriam first named the sister of Moses and Aaron, who led the sons of the Israelites when they saw their enemies dead upon the seashore. It was not repeated until after the captivity, when it took the Greek form of Mariam and Marianne, and became much used by Jewish women. The Ammonite princess in whom the brave Macabean line was extinguished by Herod the Great, was called Miriam. Later it is found designating the poor soul who is cited as having fulfilled the most terrible of all the woes denounced by Moses upon the daughters of Jerusalem.

Miriam was at one time the name by which the Blessed Virgin herself was called and also named two popular saints, the Magdalen and the Penitent of Egypt. Marianne, the derivative, is sufficiently important to be discussed separately at a later date.

The pearl is Miriam's talismanic gem. It's legacy of tears will be set aside for Miriam, to whom it will bring sweet-nose, charm and true friendships. Monday is her lucky day and 7 her lucky number.

Copyright, 1929, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

Note to readers: Is there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history, its meaning, its derivation and significance? Do you know your lucky day and your lucky letter? If not, Mildred Marshall will tell you.

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News-Scholar.

H. C. L. REACHES INDIA.

The high cost of living has reached even India, and a native teacher was getting only five rupees a month for it necessary to ask for a raise. For many days he considered the phrasing of his request, and finally, after much rehearsal, he went to the head of his district, bowed low and said:

"It is possible that I may have an increased commendum, as I find it difficult to glide my days peacefully on the hereby mentioned amount."

World Outlook.

AFRICA IS DRYING UP.

Africa is drying up. The governor-general of French Equatorial Africa, which includes from Senegal to Congo, made his territory arid by a decree which was effective Jan. 1. Importation of liquor was prohibited, and the lid put on native "barrooms."

On the gold coast a number of Achee chiefs were asked their opinion of the liquor traffic. "The white man has always brought in his trade," they said. "If he now wishes to stop it because he's found it's not good, we are agreed and will be glad to take a better substitute."—World Outlook.

MIGHT AS WELL.

Man—What are you fishing for, boy? Boy Scout—Whales! Same Man—But there are now whales in the sea. Boy Scout—No, nor nothing else, so might just as well fish for whales.—Boy's Life for April.

Alas! When you meet an old flame, after a few years of separation, you can't help wondering whether he is thinking of what he has missed—or of what he has escaped.

Copyright, 1929, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

MAGGIE—WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT IF I GO OUT?

ARE YOU HERE AGAIN?

I WONDER WHAT MAGGIE WILL SAY IF I ASK HER IF I CAN GO OUT?

UNCLE WIGGILY'S BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND JIMMIE'S JITNEY.

(Copyright, 1929, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Out in the yard, behind the Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, heard a great noise of pounding and hammering and sawing one day.

"My! My! I must see what that is," he said. He went to the back of the house, and he saw his pink nose in a twinkling like a straw- berry ice cream cone.

Uncle Wiggily saw Jimmie, the boy duck, working away at a soap box, some wheels, pieces of tin, bits of string and other things.

"What are you making, Jimmie?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I'm making a jitney," answered Jimmie. "First I was going to make an express wagon, but I thought it would be more fun to have a jitney, and I have a ride in it."

"That is very kind of you, Jimmie," said Uncle Wiggily. "When will your jitney be finished so a person can ride in it?"

"Oh, in a little while," the duck boy replied. "I just have to put on one more wheel."

The rabbit gentleman looked at Jimmie's jitney. No two wheels were added, and the back of the soap box looked as if it would break off at any moment.

Besides, the bunny looked as though it might fall off and as for the handle which it was to be jiggled along, that was as loose as your tooth sometimes gets before it is pulled.

"Well, Jimmie, your jitney looks as if it might break down on the road," said Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, even real jitneys do that!" Jimmie said. "I've heard of a real one that even broke down on the road."

"That makes it all the more fun," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll tell you what, Jimmie, I'll go with you on your way home after a call on Mr. Whitewash, his polar bear gentleman friend, when, all of a sudden, the bunny gentleman felt a very bad rheumatism pain.

"I fear I shall never be able to get to Mr. Whitewash's," said Uncle Wiggily. "Just then there was a rumble and a rattle in the woods a jolly shout, and the bunny gentleman kept very still and listened.

The rattling and the banging kept on and on, and all of a sudden, along the woodland path came Jimmie Whittle, wobble and his homesteaded jitney.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! What's the matter?" Jimmie asked. "What's the matter?"

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Why, sure," quacked Jimmie. "The rabbit was just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log, and I'm just sitting on a log."

The bunny gentleman was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log, and he was just sitting on a log.

"I'm just sitting on a log," said the bunny gentleman. "I'm just sitting on a log."

"Ha! Then I am just in time to give you a ride in my jitney," said Jimmie. "But will it be safe?" asked Uncle Wiggily.